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of June—it is no less than the arrival at Kinsale in 21 days of the Steamship *Savannah*, from *Savannah*, laden with cotton and passengers, she put in for supplies, would remain a day or two and then proceeded for Liverpool. Previous to her putting in she was chased by a cutter under the impression that she was on fire. No further particulars are stated.

From the *Georgian*, Tuesday, Aug. 31, 1819:

Extract of a letter from Liverpool to a gentleman in this city.—"The Steamship *Savannah* arrived a few days ago, to the great astonishment of the people of this city. She came up without sails and was much admired. John Bull cannot bear the idea that Jonathan should be the first to sail across the Atlantic, by the operation of steam—but it is now too evident to be denied. It will not be like some of our scientific discoveries, the origin of which have been denied to our people, and attempts made by even philosophers to rob us of our infant fame. The report is current here that this ship is commanded by a brother of Commodore Rodgers, and is intended as a present from our government to the Emperor Alexander; and from this wise suggestion the politicians of the day have augured much importance, as "secret of ambition" covered hostility to the commerce of Great Britain.

The Columbian Museum and Savannah Gazette of Wednesday, Dec. 1, 1819, mentioned the arrival of the *Savannah*, from St. Petersburg, the evening before, in 50 days, adding that she brought no news.

Editors' Notes

With this number the Quarterly enters upon its third year with bright prospects for a successful career. We have received many letters of congratulation from readers of the two preceding volumes, in which the writers have expressed the hope that the Society may keep up its publication for an

indefinite period. We ask, then, that our members and subscribers encourage us in our work with their hearty support and assistance.

The year 1919 marks the one hundredth anniversary of several events of peculiar interest and importance to the people of the State of Georgia. Among these is the completion of the Steamship *Savannah*, the first vessel propelled by steam to cross the Atlantic. That vessel reached the city of Savannah in the month of April, was visited by President Monroe, who was a guest of the city at the time she was preparing for her experimental voyage, and began the trip in the month of May.

While the *Savannah* was moored to her dock, the object of wonder and curiosity to many, the finishing touches were given to that much admired house of worship, the Independent Presbyterian Church, and it was solemnly dedicated by its beloved pastor and scholarly preacher of the Gospel, the Reverend Henry Kollock, D. D., on the 9th of May, the President of the United States, James Monroe, being present. Dr. Kollock was a remarkable man, and one of the most highly respected and honored citizens who ever made a home in Savannah; and any facts in connection with his life here must be acceptable to all Georgians. At the annual meeting of the Georgia Historical Society, in February, 1879, the desk which he used daily was presented to that Society by its then owner, General Henry C. Wayne, in a letter which contained some interesting facts. As the centennial of the building of the Church is to be celebrated in a manner of more than a local character, the letter accompanying the desk, still in the Society's possession, is here transcribed:

Savannah, Ga., February 15, 1879.

General Henry R. Jackson, President Georgia Historical Society, Savannah:

My Dear General:—I have had in my possession for more than forty years the rosewood brass bound writing desk

(portable) of the Rev. Henry Kollock, first pastor of the Independent Presbyterian Church, corner of South Broad and Bull Streets, in this city. Dr. Kollock procured this desk in England, when sent over there on business connected with the Presbyterian Church, and used it daily from that time to his death. It rested, as I remember, upon a table, open, in his small study, west of and opening from his dining-room, which was the northeast room of the dwelling on the west side of Wright square, corner of York street, opposite to the court house, and now occupied by the widow and family of the late Dr. P. M. Kollock. On this desk Dr. Kollock, as I was told by my grandmother, his widow (he was her second husband), wrote his sermons. After his death my grandmother kept the desk in daily use in her bedroom, until a short time before her death, when she had it put in order and gave it to me, with two quill pens, brown with ink and age, that Dr. Kollock had used, and which she lovingly cherished. The quills have disappeared in the course of time, but the desk is identically the same in all respects as used by Dr. Kollock, except the glass silver-topped ink and sand boxes, and the name-plate, which, having fallen out, my grandmother replaced with another on which she had my name cut.

Dr. Kollock's life and reputation being so identified with Savannah and its Independent Presbyterian Church, the most perfect specimen of ecclesiastical architecture (of Saxon order) in the city, I know of no more fitting custodian in the future of his writing desk, the inanimate companion of his studies and compositions, than our Historical Society, if it will accept the trust which I now tender to the society through you.

My personal reminiscences of Dr. Kollock were few, but were so vividly impressed upon my mind by their nature as to have always remained with me fresh and distinct. Of himself, I have a shadowy vision before me of a portly figure attired in the clerical black dress of that day, long cut-away coat and vest, knee breeches, silk stockings, shoes and silver buckles surmounted by a neat white neck-tie, and florid, kindly face.

But the circumstances of his death are as clear to my mind today as at the time of their occurrence.

Awaiting the completion of his new house, then being built at the corner of Bull and South Broad, now in the possession of Mrs. W. W. Gordon, my father occupied with Dr. Kollock the house on Wright square already mentioned.

My father and mother had the north bedroom, my sister sleeping in a crib by their bedside, while I slept in a crib by the bedside of my grandfather (step) and grandmother Kollock, in the south bedroom, over the withdrawing room.

One morning Dr. Kollock, having risen and seated himself by the south window to shave, I was looking at him, interested in the process, his hand fell, and my grandmother, shrieking, jumped out of bed and ran to him. My father and mother ran in. I saw my father take the razor from Dr. Kollock's hand and lift him up, when I was snatched up and carried out of the room. Next, I remember people coming in and going out of the house crying. Escaping from the dining-room, I toddled upstairs, and through my grandmother's room into the little room leading out of it, west, where I wondered to see my grandfather lying on a low pallet, very white, a plate of salt on his breast, silver pieces on his eyes and his hands folded over his body. I could not understand it, and, while calling to him, a lady came in with a young girl, fourteen or fifteen years of age. The lady was crying, and the young girl, as soon as she saw my grandfather, threw herself on her knees by his side in a burst of grief. I wondered the more, and with a new sensation at the mass of light brown hair that fell from the young girl's head below her waist, completely enveloping her person. Was she a fairy or a girl? My gaze was fixed upon her hair, when some one picked me up and carried me off. The two, I learned subsequently, when speaking of it in after years to my mother, were Mrs. S. and her daughter, Miss Mary S.

These are my only personal recollections of Dr. Kollock, but I have heard much of him from my mother, who was

devotedly attached to him, and was his companion in many of his studies.

She describes him as very methodical, preaching only one written sermon on Sundays, in the morning, and *ex tempore* in the afternoon, from prepared notes. On Monday morning, after breakfast, he went to the bank for small change, and devoted Monday and Tuesday to visiting the poor and the sick. On Wednesday and Thursday he went 'round among the wealthier members of his congregation. Friday and Saturday were devoted to writing his sermon and preparing his notes for the coming Sunday. His evenings were given to social intercourse with his friends at his own house, or to regular and accidental religious services and calls. Of course I know nothing of his preaching, but I am told by those who have heard him that to a natural gift of eloquence he added a highly cultivated thought and refined manner. He died young—a little over forty, if I recollect aright—and must have been a man of unusual attainments in that scholarly age to have won the devoted affection of his people and the high reputation that adorns his memory.

My excuse for this trespass upon your time will be found in the attachment to the memory of one who, though not my ancestor, I have been taught to love and reverence as one.

HENRY C. WAYNE.